Vol. V. Numb. 62

THE OBSERVATOR.

A Diſpute betwixt the Obſervator *and his* Country-man, *about their Letters. The* Obſervator's *Letter. The* Country-man's *Letter. Remarks on both. Of the Duke of* Southampton's *Playing Servants. With Remarks. Of the* Scotch *Union.*

From Wednesday, October 16. to Saturday, October 19. 1706.

Country-m. NOW, Maſter, for a Tryal of Skill betwixt you and your *Country-man*, about our Letters; my Letter had ſome Scripture in it, but I'll read what yours contains.

Obſ. Prethee, *Roger*, do; tho' you might have had the Civility to let me have read it firſt.

Country-m. And then you would ha' burnt it, and the Proof ſhould never have been made; but as it is, I will read it, and then judge and try, and ſpeak as you find. It is thus:

SIR,

"THE common *Odium* caſt on Perſons of our "Profeſſion, is *Ingratitude*; to ſhew, that it "is not *Intereſt*, we whoſe Names are here under-"written, the *Bawds* and *Whores* of *Drury-Lane*, "and Parts adjacent, do humbly beg the Fa-"vour, as our poor, tho' juſt Acknowledg-"ment, that you will, in the beſt Terms you "can, ſpeak as gratefully for the many Fa-"vours of a very worthy Conſtable of *Drury-"Lane*; and that you may know him, he had "a large red Head before we plaited it with "Whores Hair. He is of a Leather Trade; "ſome call it a *Shoe-maker*. Now, to the many "Favours we have receiv'd, he always ſav'd us "himſelf, and gave us Information of all "publick Searches, leſt any of the few ill Con-"ſtables of the Liberty of *Weſtminſter* ſhould "put us to *QUOD*.

"Theſe, Sir, are a part of the Favours that "we are like to looſe; and for which we beg "you will publiſh our hearty Lamentation, "as a ſmall Retribution, and the Obligation "ſhall ever be acknowledg'd by

Your ever thankful and oblig'd
Friends and Servants,

Bawds.	Whores.
Mary Morly,	*Hannah Silk*,
Ann Scrutine,	*Betty Moore*,
Margaret Davies,	*Mary Turner*,
Mary Oliver,	*Mary Hill*,
Ann Bennit, and	*Mary Damill*,
John Harris.	*Ann Robinſon*,
	Betty Mills,
	Lettice Anderſon.

"Beſides many more, too tedious to inſert "herein. Now, Maſter, what do you think of theſe your Correſpondents, that petition you at this rate?

Obſ. Why, Man, I don't know one of them. I never heard of 'em before.

Country-m. But, Maſter, here is, among the Bawds, one *John Harris*; how comes *John* to be a Bawd?

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, the Men that procure Whores at *London*, have the Title of *Cock-Bawds*.

Country-m. Then this Fellow is certainly related to the Pope, and is a *He-Whore*; but I think he may be more properly call'd a *Whore-Broker*; or (not to rob any Body elſe of that Title) I would have'n go by the Name of the *Devil's Broker*: And if I had Intereſt enough, I would have'n preſs'd, and ſent to Sea, for ſending ſo many into Jayl, and into the Powdering-Tub, that otherwiſe, did they not meet with ſuch Misfortunes, would go into the Service.

One thing more I want to be inform'd of, and that is, what theſe Ladies of the Game do mean by *QUOD*.

Obſ. I proteſt I can't tell; 'tis not the *Latin Quod*, and therefore I ſuppoſe it to be ſome Word in the *Whores Vocabulary of Cant*.

Country-m. Well, Maſter, I think your Letters, your Correſpondents, are far worſe than mine.

Obſ. No, *Roger*; you have an Account of theſe things, as well as my ſelf; things full as bad. Theſe are indeed a Shame to the Proteſtant Religion, a Hindrance to the Growth of Piety, and are the Ruin of many Families: But what is ſent you from *Kent*, is all that, and a Scandal to the Civil Government beſides.

Country-m. Pray, Maſter, what's that? I ſee you ſtop my Intelligence.

Obſ. There is a notorious Hen of the Game in *Kent*, that goes by the Name of *Cock-Wickam*; this obliging Thing in Petticoats, had two wild Children, as 'twas ſuppos'd, by *John* the Brazier; but when ſhe was brought before the Juſtice, ſhe would not confeſs it, tho', as ſhe ſaid, if ſhe were ſent to *Bridewell* for it.

This Conſtancy and Faithfulneſs to her *Brazen Lover*, made her very eminent throughout the Country, inſomuch, that ſhe became a Companion for ſome of the *Kentiſh* Quality; and laſt *Michaelmas*, at *Sittingborne Fair*, ſhe met with a Juſtice of the Peace, who, after ſome Confabulation, challeng'd her to play at *Chuck* in the open Fair, which gather'd a good Mob about 'em, who at every turn, ſhouted out, *Now Juſtice, Now Cock*; but the Juſtice was too hard for the W——, and got ſome Pounds out of her Pocket, which he did not return.

Now, *Roger*, this does not only endanger Piety, and bring a Reflection on Religion, but is an Abuſe put on the Government by one entruſted by it in ſo eminent a Concern, whoſe

Vertue

Vertue and Morals ought to honour that Queen, from whom he receives his Authority. 'Tis well for *England*, we have more Juſtices than one in a County: For were ſawcy *Jack* to have the only Care in *Surry*, to keep out *Perkin*, and a *French* Government, and this to have the only Care in *Kent*, to keep out Impiety and Immorality, we ſhould ſoon find one as much enſlav'd, as the other would be debauch'd.

Country-man Roger, theſe Stories are afflictive to all honeſt Men; let us not bounce of Victories Abroad, when Sin gets the Conqueſt at Home: We take Towns, Caſtles, and Cittadels, when at Home the Mounds and Fortreſſes of Sin, are impregnable. To pull down the *French* King, the Tyrant of the Earth, is juſt and honourable; but to ſet up the Devil, the Prince of Darkneſs, is a Buſineſs unbecoming thoſe that profeſs Chriſtianity.

Country-m. Indeed, Maſter, theſe are ſerious Reflections; Vice and Irreligion ſeem to encreaſe every where, and Piety decays amongſt all Parties, to a Degree worthy our Lamentation. As I was paſſing thro' the *Borrough*, a Fellow popp'd a printed Paper into my Hand, which is as follows.

"At the *Faulcon Inn*, in the *Borrough* of "*Southwark*, this preſent Monday, being the "14th Day of *October*, will be preſented a "Play, call'd, *The Rival Queens*, or the Death "of *Alexander the Great*, with ſeveral divert-"ing Entertainments of Singing and Dan-"cing, between the Acts; beginning exactly "at Six of the Clock; by his Grace the Duke "of *Southampton*'s Servants. *Vivat Regina.*

Now, Maſter, may every Duke in *England* keep a Play-houſe?

Obſ. Roger, the Duke of *Southampton* is a very Ingenious Learned Gentleman, and a Member of the Church of *England*, and may be impos'd upon by theſe Servants of Sin, when he knows nothing of the Buſineſs. Great Names are often affix'd where the Perſons are wholly ignorant of it. I can't believe this of his Grace.

Country-m. I proteſt, Maſter, I was ſorry to ſee it. Thinks I, if every Nobleman in *England* has a Priviledge to countenance a Play-houſe, and every one ſhould do it, Sin and Debauchery would be licens'd throughout the whole Kingdom; how ſhould we then have Vice planted in all Corners of the Land?

Thinks I again, if theſe Noblemen love Plays, methinks it would be convenient to confine the Acting of them to their own Houſes: Better a ſingle Family be corrupted, than a whole County or Kingdom. But when they are entertain'd at *Oxford*, where may they not be ſet up?

Thinks I again, where's the Magiſtracy of *Southwark?* Paſs by ſawcy *Jack*, and the old Woman at the *Bridge-houſe*, there are other Juſtices; there are Conſtables; there are ſome Officers or other, that ought to take Cogniſance of theſe Things.

Next, thinks I, I will go to his Grace the Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*: Theſe wicked Wretches have ſet up one of the Synagoges of *Satan*, juſt under his Noſe. But upon ſecond Thoughts, I remember'd this was the Concern of the Civil Magiſtrate; and ſo I had nothing elſe to do, but to grieve to ſee Vice appear in publick, under the Face of Authority, with a great Name added to it.

Obſ. Of theſe Things, we can only talk; 'tis not in our Power to act towards a Remedy: And to be ſilent, is ſomething better than to ſpeak to no Purpoſe. What News, *Roger?*

Country-m. All the Talk in *London*, is about the Union with *Scotland.*

Obſ. What, before the People know what 'tis? That's talking without Book.

Country-m. Mr. *Review* and the Diſſenters, had it before, but would not tell us one Word of it. That Gentleman is as charitable as my ſelf was, when a Boy; for when I had two Apples, I always eat one, and kept t'other for my ſelf: But now 'tis all out; the *Scotch* Parliament has ordered it to be printed, and here is an Abſtract of the Articles on the *Flying Poſt*, and the whole is advertis'd to be reprinted by Mr. *Bell.*

Obſ. I have nothing to do with that Subject; the Parliament in one Kingdom, is met already; and ours will meet in a ſhort Time; and 'tis but good Manners in us, to leave theſe great Points to our Superiors. If the *Engliſh* have their *Magna Charta*, I am contented; and if the *Scots* have their Act *Salvo Jure cujuſlibet*, they have no Reaſon to complain. the Effect of this Union, will ſecure us from a *French* Power in Times to come; it will entirely defeat the Hopes of *Perkin*, and all his Friends; and what can be ſaid more on the Behalf of this Union? I pray God our Governours may effect it.

Country-m. Amen. Maſter, we han't Time now to ſay one Word to Mr. *Rehearſal.*

Obſ. Let him go on, I will be even with him in a ſhort Time; whilſt he keeps on *Engliſh* Ground, I will give him Battel, but when he pretends to Revelation, and wickedly wreſts the Scripture to his own Meaning, I ſhall leave him; for the Holy Oracles ſpeak plain, not like thoſe of *Delphos*, in ambiguous Terms, to be interpreted as Men pleaſe. Good Night, *Roger.*

Advertiſements.

*** Notice is hereby given to all Perſons, that have Occaſion to write to the Author of this Paper, That they pay Poſtage of the Letters, otherwiſe they will not be received; and that thoſe who ſend any Accounts of Matters of Fact, will ſubſcribe their Names, and Places of Abode, that Enquiry may be made concerning the ſame; and that they direct to Mr. *Benj. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, and to no other Place.

Next Week will be publiſh'd,

*** The Hiſtory of the Triumphs of her Majeſty's Arms, both by Sea and Land, in and about *Spain*, during this War: More particularly under the Conduct of his Excellency *Charles*, Earl of *Peterborough* and *Monmouth.* Containing many ſecret Memoirs, Intrigues of State, Letters, *&c.* never yet made publick. Together with the Picture of the ſaid General, finely Engraven on a Copper Plate.

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Both ſold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

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